OBSERVATIONS

IN

A JOURNEY to PARIS.

VOL. I.

Geo. III.
BR. MUS.

285 e 39

OBSERVATIONS

IN

A JOURNEY to PARIS

BY WAY OF

FLANDERS,

In the Month of August 1776.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON,
Printed for G. Robinson, in Pater-noster Row,
MDCCLXXVII.

PREFACE.

WHEN a traveller takes up his pen to relate what has passed under his own observation, he is hurt with the apprehension of making himself, as the occasion will oblige him to do in some degree, too conspicuous a part of his own story. But if all were to be influenced by this consideration we should have no travels published; because no man can give a good account of what another man has seen, nor of the conversation

tion which he has heard. Julius Cæſar, *who wrote his own Commentaries, ſoftened the matter, and avoided the appearance of oſtentation, by ſpeaking of his own words and actions in the third perſon inſtead of the firſt. The affectation of following ſo ſublime a pattern on ſo trifling an occaſion as the preſent, would be very ridiculous: therefore the writer of the following narrative muſt content himſelf with the more humble character of an* Egotiſt: *but as he rather wiſhes to be unknown, the perſon in which he writes, be it the firſt or the third, will at laſt be equivalent to the word* perſonne, *which*

ſignifies

ſignifies nobody. *If any reader ſhould be offended with him, before he enters upon the peruſal of his ſtory, for throwing out one more Journey to Paris when we have ſo many already, he has this apology to offer, that the attention of different perſons frequently falls upon different objects in the ſame place; and we ſee even the ſame things with different eyes, according to our ſeveral intereſts and diſpoſitions. This new Journey then, howſoever indifferent in other reſpects, will in all probability have ſome little variety to recommend it: and if after all it ſhould preſent nothing remarkable, the price is ſmall, and the time*

to be ſpent in reading it not much more than what is beſtowed on a common news-paper; ſo that the publication can be an error of no great magnitude. The author however is willing to hope, that as he was very well entertained himſelf in his viſit to France, *he may be able to communicate ſome accounts, which, while they afford amuſement to the ſedentary, may alſo be of ſome little ſervice to the practical traveller.*

OBSERV-

T. O. ft 1772.

Le Heros de Ferney au theatre de Chatelaine

"Ne pretens pas à trop, tu ne feras que ecrire
"Tes Vers forcent mes pleurs, mais tes propos me font rire.
Anon:

OBSERVATIONS IN A JOURNEY to PARIS, &c.

IN the beginning of *Auguſt*, 1776, I embarked with a young companion at *Dover*. The paſſage from thence to *Calais* is rarely of much more importance than a journey of twenty miles by

land in a ſtage-coach, and has very little more danger. It happened, indeed, the day after our arrival at *Dover*, that the weather was very bad, and the wind blew too hard for any thing to venture out of the harbour; but the following day was much better, and the wind no more than might be deſired to render the paſſage expeditious. We left the harbour at an early hour the next morning, and having kept upon deck for ſome time, the uſual ſymptoms which come upon thoſe who are not accuſtomed to the ſea, obliged moſt of the com-

pany

pany to retire to their beds in the cabin. I roſe again about 9 o' clock in the forenoon, and expecting from the time of day to find our veſſel near the entrance of the harbour of *Calais*, was mortified when I diſcovered that the wind had driven us above two leagues to the eaſtward of our port, and that the towers of *Calais* were at too great a diſtance to be reached in leſs than two or three hours, with the diſadvantage we were now under from the wind.

It is a caſualty, which, I ſuppoſe, hath rarely or never happen-

ed to a *Dover* packet-boat, to be driven out in this direction ſo far as the *Goodwin Sands*, which lie at no great diſtance in the Channel, to the eaſt of *Dover*, and nearly to the north of *Calais*: but many unfortunate voyagers have been carried upon them in bad weather, there to be buried paſt all recovery, with the wealth and commodities of the Indies. Providence ſeems to have placed them as a bar acroſs that road which leads to the firſt commercial city in the world. It is not to the purpoſe of my preſent deſign, to be very

very particular in the deſcription of theſe dangerous banks; which, for the compaſs of them, are probably the richeſt ſpots in the globe, from the immenſe treaſures they have been ſwallowing up for about ſeven hundred years. An ancient author, quoted by *Camden*, obſerved with great propriety, that their ſand is of a doubtful gender, between the earth and water; ſometimes floating in the ſea in a ſtate of ſolution, and at other times, when the tide leaves them, becoming ſo hard that a perſon may walk upon

them. One of the moſt affecting accounts we ever had, was of an India ſhip ſome few years ago, which, on her paſſage homeward, being driven upon the *Goodwins* in a violent ſtorm, when no boats could go off to her relief, the people on the land diſtinguiſhed with their glaſſes the whole progreſs of the cataſtrophe. They ſaw about the time of low water the crew in different parties ſcattered over the ſands; ſome wringing their hands in deſpair, ſome flying from the edge of the ſea as it gained upon them, others ſhaking

ing

ing hands together and taking a laſt farewel. The ſand opened ſuddenly under ſome as they were walking, and buried them at once. The wreck was too far ſunk to afford them any retreat; and the captain was ſeen to the laſt ſupporting his lady in his arms, till the water covered them and they all diſappeared. Such ſcenes are not very unuſual in the ſea-faring life; and many veſſels are undoubtedly loſt with the like circumſtances of diſtreſs in different parts of the world, of whoſe hiſtory no particulars ever come to

our ears. Mankind ſuffer much by land; but the moſt complicated and inevitable of all calamities happen to them upon this tremendous element.

There are two inconveniences, which they who paſs from *Dover* to *Calais* would always wiſh to avoid: the firſt is that of loſing the tide, and being obliged to take a French boat to get into the harbour; the other is that of landing ſo late as to be ſhut out of the town, and compelled to lodge in one of the houſes that ſtand without it. We ſuffered only

only the former of theſe. At the diſtance of about two miles from *Calais*, a French pilot-boat came along ſide and took us all on board. When we had quitted our Engliſh veſſel, the change was very ſtriking to thoſe who had never experienced it before; to find themſelves ſurrounded in an inſtant by men of a new language, and a different aſpect. The ſteerſman was an old man remarkably ſhort, who ſquinted very much; and as he ſat with the helm under his direction made a very ſingular figure; which the Engliſh on

board

board (who are ſeldom ſparing of their reflexions upon ſtrangers) could not help jeſting upon. For my own part, I only ventured to ſay of him in Engliſh, that there ſeemed to be a great deal of judgment in a very little compaſs; and was rather ſurpriſed to find that the Frenchman underſtood me. The town of *Calais* makes a much handſomer appearance when you approach it upon the water, than the town of *Dover*; and its towers begin to become viſible when we have reached the middle of the Straits. It has two piers

of

of a great length, which run parallel; they are both of timber, and one of them affords a very agreeable walk over a boarded floor, which, at ſeveral times of the day, but eſpecially in a ſummer evening, is frequented by many genteel people of the place. On this pier, a troop of ſervants from the ſeveral houſes of accommodation, ſtand ready to receive the paſſengers at their landing, and conduct them, together with their baggage, according to their ſeveral deſtinations. Our object was the *Hotel d' Angleterre* of *Monſieur Deſſin*; an

an inn which it is well worth an Engliſhman's while to viſit; and I ſhould think myſelf much wanting upon this occaſion, in return for the attention and accommodation I found there, if I were not to commend the civility and good œconomy of the manager. Some things which befel me here in my return from *Paris*, gave me occaſion to remember this houſe in a more particular manner.

CALAIS.

CALAIS.

As ſoon as the neceſſary buſineſs was ſettled in regard to the baggage, &c. I began to congratulate myſelf that I was at length in *France*, where I had wiſhed to be for ten years paſt, and wondered how it happened that I had neglected ſo many opportunities. My curioſity carried me firſt to the church, the furniture of which is in a ſtyle very different from what we ſee in England. In the body of this church, on the

left

left ſide againſt the wall, there is a vaſt picture of the reſurrection, ſo exactly reſembling the deſign of the altar-piece at *Magdalen* College in *Oxford*, that it is probable both were borrowed from ſome common original better than either. The ſtatues, paintings, wax lights, garlands of artificial flowers, and other ornaments of the high altar, the firſt of the kind that had occurred, would naturally attract the notice of a Proteſtant. From the roof in different places are ſuſpended at the height of about twelve feet from the

the pavement, three models of ſhips with all their tackling. Whether they were introduced on a principle of devotion, or preſented merely as ornaments to the place, I was not informed. At all hours of the day we ſee perſons of both ſexes (but commonly ten women to one man) diſperſed about the church, and kneeling in ſilence at their devotions, among whom it is not unuſual to ſee ſome ſoldiers or officers of the garriſon. The churches in France are kept open from morning till night, that perſons whoſe

whoſe buſineſs will not permit them to attend at the ordinary time of prayer, may have an opportunity of coming when it ſuits them: and if the like practice were admitted in England of keeping our churches open, under the charge of ſome proper attendant, at leaſt in our market-towns, many well diſpoſed perſons might be ready to take advantage of it; unleſs the dread of ſingularity, which ſits heavy upon the Engliſh people, and the ſcandal of being righteous over-much, in a nation where the piety of individuals has been

been rendered ſuſpicious by the freaks of fanaticiſm, ſhould prevent ſo laudable a cuſtom from taking place; as in all probability they would. The women, even in the midſt of ſummer, come to their devotions in a cloak of camblet, which reaches down to their heels, and has a cloſe hood with a narrow edging of black next the face. Sometimes they throw upon their heads a large piece of black ſtuff, which covers them all over as a veil. The deſign in ſome of the upper ſort is to cover an undreſs; but in the poorer, the cloak

or the veil are ſubſtitutes for better cloathing. The dreſs of the ordinary women is very different from the Engliſh. All thoſe who do not go barefoot have ſlippers on; their petticoats are half way up their legs; in ſome up to the knees; with little jerking ſhort ſacks or bed-gowns girded about them, and caps, with great ears, which come forward on each ſide like the blinkers of coach-horſes. I have ſeen, in the windows of ſome of our print-ſhops at *London*, a little rough etching of the *fille d'auberge*,

or

or maid ſervant of a French inn, which is exactly the thing.

In the afternoon, a viſiter announced himſelf by a rap at our door, who proved to be a friar of the order of St. *Francis*. As he came forward, he addreſſed us with a petition in French, the ſubſtance of which he preſented at the ſame time printed on a ſlip of paper in Engliſh. It informed *Milords and ladies* from England, that the Fathers Capuchins live upon charity, &c. but the language was ſo bad, that I thought it would be an additional act of

charity to correct it for him, which, I did accordingly, and I believe he now preſents a better edition of his memorial. Our viſit to the Engliſh convent was rather too late in the day for us to ſee any of the ladies: but the Lady Abbeſs was ſo civil as to appear at the grate, and inform me I might ſee them all, early the next morning, at their church. When this lady made her appearance from within, and aſcended toward the grate, ſhe ſeemed like a Being from the world of ſpirits, clothed all in white, with an head-dreſs which

had

had appendages like white wings, extending on each ſide over her ſhoulders. She was a goodly perſon, and of a very eaſy genteel addreſs. I thought I could already diſtinguiſh, among the French people of both ſexes, a certain politeneſs of carriage, and chearfulneſs of countenance, which renders them more acceptable at firſt ſight than the Engliſh. Before the day was at an end I met with an example in the female ſex of that patience which always attends true civility. She demanded of me *douze ſous*; and I underſtanding that ſhe ſaid

deux, which was *two* inſtead of *twelve*, the miſtake occaſioned a long argumentation, in which ſhe endured my ignorance to the laſt with invincible eaſe, and never deſiſted till ſhe had made the caſe plain. We all know that practice is very different from theory: but as I had been reading French for many years, and was aſſured I underſtood enough to carry me through the country, I thought it hardly poſſible to be ſo overtaken. There are two great difficulties which an unpractiſed perſon is under here in common ſpeech: the one is from the

the rapid pronunciation of the natives, which always appears to be the caſe when the language is not familiar to us; the other, from the idioms or forms peculiar to the language. There is no effectual cure for either but frequent converſation with French people of all claſſes upon their own ground. Some of our countrymen go armed with a dictionary, and make their French as they want it: but ſuch French is generally an awkward verſion of the Engliſh forms of ſpeech, not intelligible to French people. An Engliſh

gentleman of this claſs was at dinner in a public company, and his buſineſs requiring him to be gone as ſoon as decency would permit, he wanted to tell the French ſervant that "every body had done," with deſign that the things might be taken away. He conſults his book, and finds that *every body* is *tout le monde*, and *done* is *fini*; ſo it was *tout le monde a fini*; which, with his narrow Engliſh pronunciation, was *tout le monde eſt fini*. The waiter, who happened to be a lad of humour, took up the miſtake, and cried out *Miſericorde!*

que

que ferons nous? Monſieur dit que tout le monde eſt fini! "Mercy on us! what ſhall we do? the gentleman ſays the world is at an end!"

From the Engliſh convent I went to viſit my mendicant Capuchin in his own ſociety, which affords very little that is particular, if we except a wall apple-tree in the garden, which was the firſt I ever heard of. On one ſide of their altar is a little picture of St. Francis, their founder, preaching to the fiſhes. The ſame is alſo reported of St. *Anthony* of *Padua*, and

Mr.

Mr. *Addiſon* has preſerved the ſermon he preached on the occaſion. In an apartment behind the altar was a large reading deſk, with a folio of leſſons, and extracts of ſacred hiſtory in Latin. While I was reading ſomewhat aloud out of this book to my Engliſh companion, my poor friend in the brown cowl, who was ſtanding by me, turned away his head, for it ſeems he underſtands no Latin: he was no more than a lay brother, not an ordained father of the ſociety, ſeveral of whom are well verſed in Latin; and many of the ſame fra-

ternity

ternity at *Paris* are men of great learning. The late learned Pope Clement the XIVth *(Ganganelli)* whoſe letters are now ſo much admired in *England*, was originally a *Franciſcan*. While I was in their chapel, our *Yorick*, of ſentimental memory, occurred to my mind. He came over to *France*, contracted a ſtrict intimacy with a good natured begging friar, and finding at his next viſit that the friar was dead, he retired to his grave, there to meditate upon his departed friend, and pull up a nettle which he found growing upon the

ground

ground that covered him. I thought it rather unfortunate for the credit of this lamentation, that the monks are buried under a ſtone pavement in the chapel, covered with a wooden ſtage pertaining to a range of ſeats; till I recollected that *Yorick*'s friar, at his own particular requeſt, was buried in a church-yard at ſome diſtance from *Calais*.

In our return from the Capuchins we paſſed by the new theatre, within the precincts of the *Hotel d'Angleterre*; and being diſpoſed to ſee and hear as much as we could

of

of the French manners, we ſtepped in to the play which was then acting. The piece they were performing was the *Tableau Parlant*, or Speaking Picture. In the principal ſcene of it, a picture, being the portrait of an old gentleman, is placed on the ſtage, and raiſed to a proper height by a frame which ſupports it. In the ſame room ſome young people of both ſexes are going to meet by intrigue at a private entertainment. The old gentleman, whom the picture repreſents, comes into the room, ſees the preparation, and ſuſpecting what is ſoon

to go forward, contrives to be a witneſs without being diſcovered. He cuts out the face of the picture with his knife, then ſtands behind it, and applies his own face to the opening, which exactly fits it; and the face he puts in is ſo like the face he has taken out, that the original cannot be diſtinguiſhed from the copy. The man who, in ſuch a ridiculous ſituation, can preſerve the compoſure of his countenance before a croud of ſpectators, muſt have practiſed long upon his muſcles, and with good ſucceſs. The meeting goes

forward,

forward, the young people ſit down to table, and converſe together without the leaſt reſerve; they eat, drink, laugh, ſing, and kiſs one another: till at length the picture, being out of all patience, begins to talk: they are ſtartled at the noiſe, and cannot imagine whence it proceeds—it talks again—at laſt one of the ladies riſes from the table, walks to the quarter of the room where the picture is, and while ſhe is examining it very near, it bawls out juſt into her face: the confu-

ſion

ſion that follows may eaſily be imagined.

The French vehicles for travelling appear very unpromiſing to an Engliſhman: their timbers ſeem to conſtitute a ſufficient load without the paſſengers or the baggage, eſpecially as the French horſes are but ſmall; and their ſprings, which are placed behind to diminiſh the ſhocks upon the ſtone pavement of their great roads, very much reſemble the hammers of a fulling-mill. Mr. *Deſſin* therefore befriended us with a plain, rational Engliſh poſt-chaiſe

for

for the whole tour, at little more expence than would have been required for a French one. The terms on which you travel are all particularly explained in an annual edition of the poſt-book, intitled *Liſte generale des Poſtes de France*, publiſhed by authority at *Paris*, with which it is neceſſary to be acquainted, that you may not be impoſed on by falſe reckonings. The poſt-houſes throughout the kingdom are all under the direction of the king, and the poſtilions wear a badge, to diſtinguiſh them as his ſervants: of late all the di-

ligences, or ſtage-coaches, have likewiſe been taken by the king into his own hands; ſo that a traveller is pretty ſure of redreſs, in caſe of any juſt complaint of ill treatment. I ſhall inform the Engliſh reader hereafter, how he may obtain a competent knowledge of all the buſineſs that is tranſacted in *France*.

In five hours we were carried from *Calais* to *St. Omer's*, where all things began to improve upon us. The road between theſe two places ſeems equal to any of the beſt turnpike roads we have in England:

England: but from the ſtate of the roads in the ſummer we cannot always judge how they are in the winter. In moſt places it is forty feet wide, and every where planted with trees, either willows, poplars, or elms, ſo as to have the appearance of an avenue, at the ſides of which, there being no hedges to interrupt the view, the level open face of the cultivated country, with here and there an aſſemblage of trees, paſture-grounds, and ſpire ſteeples at a diſtance, is much like what ſome of the midland corn counties of

England were, in the beſt parts of them, before the rage prevailed of mincing the country into a multiplicity of encloſures, and ſquaring out the lands till they look like the face of a chequer-board. I ſaw no incloſures here, but wide extended fields planted with corn, beans, flax, tobacco, &c. all open to the ſight, ſo that the eye ſweeps a vaſt extent of country at once: and the proſpect becomes richer as we advance farther into *Flanders*.

ST. OMER'S.

St. Omer's.

St. *Omer's* was ſoon rendered intelligible by the aſſiſtance of ſome Engliſh gentlemen ſtationed there, who were ſo obliging as to attend us in our walks. The cathedral church of St. *Omer* is very grand; in the choir of it is a magnificent ſhrine of ſolid ſilver, curiouſly wrought, and incloſing the bones of their ſaint. But I was much better pleaſed with a picture of the

taking down from the croſs, by *Rubens*, in which moſt of the figures are ſo excellent, that it is a work of time to admire it as it deſerves. While we were walking about here, on a Saturday in the afternoon, nine boys, in veſts of ſcarlet preſented themſelves in rank and file before an image of the Virgin, and ſung together in parts. I could not make out the words, but ſuppoſe it to have been ſome hymn in honour of her. The churches in general at *St. Omer* are vaſtly ſuperior to what we ſee at Calais; and their internal magnificence, variety

of

of ornament, the perfect cleanliness of the place from the roof to the floor, and the brightness of the furniture, is such as a protestant in England can have no idea of. The richest society at *St. Omer* is the monastery of St. *Bertin*: the altar-piece of their church is loaded with gold, silver, and jewels; and even the coverings, which are made to keep them from the dust, are very richly adorned. The cabinet, in the treasury of this church, is filled with curiosities, which almost dazzle the eyes; among the rest is the bust

of St. *Bertin*, as big as the life, of ſolid ſilver, gilt, and adorned with precious ſtones. The copes of the prieſts, in their wardrobe, are ſaid to have coſt upwards of forty thouſand livres, that is, about one thouſand ſeven hundred pounds ſterling; and we are to conſider, that the materials and workmanſhip are cheaper than in *England*. The parochial prieſts, as they walk about the ſtreets, are dreſſed in a black veſt, which buttons down to the feet; their hair is in a round curl at the bottom, and when they wear an hat, it is of

the

the large canonical ſort. Where they are ſhaven upon the crown, their wig, if they wear one, is vacant, and the place is covered with a round black cap, which ſeems to be made of leather varniſhed. The tonſure is a memorial of their conſecration; and if any one ſtrikes a prieſt in that place, the hand of the offender is firſt cut off, and he is afterwards hanged. The *Abbé* is a character which often meets us abroad, and is not well underſtood in England. By their dreſs and appearance a ſtranger might take

the Abbés for perſons in orders; but they are ſcholars from the univerſities, who have taken their degrees and wear a clerical dreſs, with a black ſhort cloak upon their ſhoulders, and may either go into orders within a certain time, if they think proper, or marry and lead a ſecular life.

On *Sunday* morning I was much ſurpriſed to ſee waggons and horſes rattling through the ſtreets upon their buſineſs, and could not help exclaiming againſt it to the *Femme de l' Hôte*, who informed me, that as it was harveſt, and the weather

ther had been rainy, the farmers had permiſſion by proclamation to get their corn in on *Sundays* as well as on the other days of the week. My curioſity led me on this day to ſee the ſervices of the Romiſh church and the ceremonies of the maſs; which, on a ſuppoſition that I underſtood them, as I certainly do not, would be too long for deſcription. Of one circumſtance, however, I was very ſoon informed, that all their preachers in general deliver themſelves *extempore*. Great pains are taken in their education to quali-

ſy them for doing it in a free and affecting manner; of which, during my continuance in *France*, I ſaw ſeveral examples. In *England* we leave this practice too much to the volunteers and irregulars of the Proteſtant name: but it is a matter well worth the conſideration of our univerſities, in which preachers are educated. I am told they take the pains to get their ſermons by heart; and if they do, whatever becomes of the matter, their zeal is laudable and worthy of imitation. Several years ago a friend of mine was complaining,

plaining, that we have no profeſſor in either univerſity for the teaching of pronunciation, and delivery, in reading and preaching; but that our young people, intended for the church, are left to the manner they bring with them from ſchool, which has ſeldom any meaning in it; whence it comes to paſs, that unleſs they profit of their own accord by adopting the manner of ſome good ſpeaker, their diſcourſes are unanimated, and conſequently unaffecting. He promiſed that he would found ſuch a profeſſorſhip himſelf; but

before

before his death he had forgotten his engagement, and has left ſome other to fulfil his intentions, if ſuch ſhall ever be found.

My wanderings on the *Sunday* terminated at laſt in a church where there was a military maſs, or ſacrament for the ſoldiers; a battalion of whom attended the church for this purpoſe. The ceremony was this. In a gallery at the weſt end of the church the muſicians of the regiment were placed, with clarinets, French-horns, and baſſoons. They opened the affair with a ſymphony, in

all

all reſpects like a modern concerto of *Bach* or *Abel*, or one of the new periodical overtures. The chaplain of the regiment, in the habiliments of a prieſt, officiated at the altar, and all the drummers of the regiment kneeled down before the rails, attended by their drum-major, with his ſtaff and taſſel. As ſoon as the hoſt was elevated, the drums all ſtruck up in a moment with a flouriſh which went through my head, and all the ſoldiery who filled the church bowed their heads, to ſignify that they joined in the adoration.

Then

Then the muſic played as before, with a common jig for one of the ſtrains; and after the remaining part of the office the prieſt gave the benediction, at which the ſoldiers all bowed as before; then the muſic concluded, and thus the whole ceremony was ended in little more than half an hour. In this ſervice of the maſs, the congregation only attended as the Jews did of old at their ſacrifices: they received nothing, they ſaid nothing; but were altogether paſſive: on which account ſome of the laity among themſelves ſay that

that by this operation they are *maſſified*.

It being now about noon, the time when the ſoldiers are drawn up in the ſquare to relieve guard, we went to ſee them. In *England* we are all impregnated with a very mean opinion of the French ſoldiery, as if they were in general like *Hogarth*'s ſentinel at the gates of *Calais*, with his ragged elbows, and a ſkewer in the waiſtband of his breeches: but, to ſay the truth, they are fine fellows, well ſized, well clothed (in white cloth trimmed with blue), well diſciplined,

not ill fed, and I am aſſured, on the word of ſeveral Engliſhmen reſident in *France*, much better in their morals and manners than the ſoldiery of England. I do not remember that any where in *France* I ſaw ſo much as one drunken ſoldier. As their pay is ſmall, neceſſity may have its ſhare in the merits of their ſobriety; but the ſame neceſſity is their commendation when it appears that they are ſeldom or never guilty of ſtealing. The vice of drunkenneſs is but little known in the country, otherwiſe than as the object of univerſal deteſtation.

teſtation. The people go to bed ſoon and riſe very early; ſo that they are light, active, and chearful, and have all their wits about them. Hence they have but little ſickneſs, and give poor encouragement to phyſicians. In England, perſons who can afford to live with fulneſs, deſtroy their health by eating, drinking, and ſleeping, and then fly with the reſt of their money to phyſicians, who find a plentiful harveſt in the intemperance of their patients, and grow rich by their folly. My young companion had occaſion for ſome

advice at *St. Omer*; so I sent for the principal physician of the place, who seemed a sensible man, and learned in his profession, with the appearance of a gentleman, in a black suit of cloaths and a bag-wig. When he had delivered his judgment, I did as I was instructed, and gave him a shilling, for which he made a low bow and seemed very well satisfied. This day I went over the English college, saw their chapel, and the theatre in which they perform the plays of Terence, and practise the arts of elocution. In their library I found

I found many Engliſh books of controverſial divinity, with ſome anſwers (unheard of by us) to books which we reckon unanſwerable: but when the lion becomes the ſculptor, the fable teaches us how the caſe is ſtated, and what is the iſſue of the conflict. I likewiſe was favoured with a ſight of the fine library of the monaſtery of St. *Bertin*, which is very large and well furniſhed with books. I was attended by a reſpectable gentleman of the ſociety, whoſe behaviour was very obliging, while his diſcourſe ſhewed him to

be a man of piety and erudition. When I deſired to ſee how they were provided with fine editions of the chriſtian fathers, my guide, knowing me to be an Engliſhman and a proteſtant, could not reſiſt the opportunity of making a blow at my principles. He ſeemed to wonder at my curioſity in reſpect to the fathers; obſerving that the fathers were not with us, but altogether on the ſide of their church, particularly in the matter of the euchariſt, on which he expatiated for ſome time. Being myſelf quite a ſtranger in *France*,

and

and taken thus by ſurprize, I was doubtful how far I might proceed without giving offence; and therefore I anſwered with ſome caution, that we depend firſt and chiefly upon the ſcripture itſelf, in which we find that the words of Chriſt upon this ſubject are *ſpirit* and *life*, and therefore not to be literally underſtood: and as to the authority of the fathers, it is plain that our preſent doctrine was the doctrine of the church, even ſo late downwards as the ninth century; for the proof of which I mentioned the work of

Bertram the Monk, a writer of that age, who expreſsly teaches the ſpiritual acceptation of the holy ſacrament againſt the corporeal, and whoſe book was written at the deſire of the Emperor *Charles* the ſecond; whence it follows, that tranſubſtantiation was not the eſtabliſhed doctrine of the church of *France* at that time, and by conſequence not the doctrine of the fathers who were ſo much earlier: therefore our proteſtant profeſſion did by no means oblige us to be at variance with the fathers; whoſe writings are ſtudied

with

with profit and delight, by many divines of the church of England. He ſaid he knew the book of *Bertram*, but that it did not give him ſatisfaction. The diſcourſe then turned to ſomething elſe; and he ſhewed me an ancient work, very ſcarce, and of particular value in that place, which had lately been preſented to the ſociety by an Engliſh clergyman, whoſe name he mentioned with great reſpect; and very deſervedly. It being late in the evening when I ſaw this library, my time was ſhort, and I took my leave of the learned father,

ther, who was ſo obliging as to give me a general invitation, of which I ſhall be glad to take advantage hereafter: for when I became more converſant with the eccleſiaſtics in *France*, I found more liberality of ſentiment in them, and much more indulgence toward myſelf in diſcourſe, than I expected when I firſt went abroad. I am now writing in the capacity of a traveller, not in that of a diſputant, otherwiſe I might add to what is above-mentioned, that, in the Homilies of *Elfric*, written in the tenth century, and containing what

what was then the doctrine of the church of England, there is one Homily for Eaſter-day upon the paſſover, in which it is affirmed three times * that the body of

* See *Collier*'s Eccl. Hiſt. vol. i. p. 204, &c. The learned reader, who is intereſted in this ſubject, may find a particular account of this *Elfric*, in *Cave's Hiſtoria Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 321. He was an eminent Saxon ſcholar and divine in the darkeſt age of this church; but the critics, in eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, diſpute whether he was Archbiſhop of *Canterbury* or of *York*. However, we do not uſe him as a judge in divinity, but as an hiſtorical witneſs, to ſhew that tranſubſtantiation was not then a doctrine of this church. His homily on Eaſter-day was re-publiſhed for this purpoſe by *Matthew Parker*, and others ſince.

Chriſt in the ſacrament is taken *non corporaliter ſed ſpiritualiter*; ſo that tranſubſtantiation is ſo far from being a received doctrine of the primitive church, that it was really but of a few centuries before the times of the reformation.

The curioſity of a traveller is excited by the proſpect of a con-

ſince, in *Latin* and *Saxon*. In the times of the reformation, the points in diſpute between the two churches were argued with a great deal of heat and animoſity on both ſides: happy would it be if they were reconſidered in an age of better breeding, when mutual courteſy has opened a way to a more candid examination of every thing.

vent

vent of *Bernardine* Monks, which ſtands very agreeably by the river's ſide, about five miles up the water from *St. Omers.* Great praiſes were beſtowed upon an organ in the church of that monaſtery, which is ſaid to have excellent workmanſhip upon it, and to have been cut out with a knife: but the time would not permit me to viſit this place. Organs are very common in the churches here, and, being large, have a ſtately appearance: but, at this ſtage of my journey, I know little more of them than their outſide. When

I come

I come to *Paris*, where my inclination to muſic was better gratified, I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak of them in a more particular manner. The following regulations in the city of *St. Omer* are worth the notice of a ſtranger. At the top of the great Tower of St. *Bertin* a watchman is placed every night, to overlook all the quarters of the town, and be ready to call immediate aſſiſtance on the breaking out of any fire. So ſtrict a guard is kept in the ſtreets, that every perſon, walking after it is dark, is challenged by a ſentinel, who

who cries, *Qui vive?* If it is a tradeſman of the place, he anſwers, *un bourgeois*; if it is a ſtranger or gentleman, he anſwers, *un ami*: if he is called three times and does not anſwer, the ſentinel fires upon him. After ten at night in the ſummer, and much ſooner in the winter, a perſon paſſing along the ſtreet muſt have a lanthorn, or candle, or torch, lighted in his hand, or be attended by a light, or muſt ſhew that he has juſt had ſome ſuch, and that it is gone out; without which ceremony any gentleman is in danger

of

of being taken up as a ſuſpicious perſon and carried to priſon. By ſuch regulations as theſe, their cities are ſecured from the dangers of the night, and the inhabitants enjoy peace and ſafety at the expence of a few punctilios, which every honeſt man, for ſo ſalutary a purpoſe, would be glad to obſerve: he that has no roguery to conceal, is in no fear from a ſcrutiny. It was noted, as a very rare accident, that an houſe had been lately broke open in the neighbourhood of *St. Omer*, and one or two perſons murdered: but

but one of the felons was then taken up, and to be broken upon the wheel in a few days; and it was ſuppoſed his accomplices would not long eſcape the ſame puniſhment.

From St. Omer's to Lisle.

On the third morning, after our arrival in France, we departed early from *St. Omer*, and taking the route of *Bethune* we arrived at *Liſle* by dinner-time, which is near ſixty miles. Here it may not be amiſs to inſert an account of what is ſingular, in reſpect to the mode of traveling, and the objects that occur upon the road. In the ſhafts of our chaiſe they place a horſe of the cart-breed, but

but below the ſize of our drawing horſes, harneſſed with ropes and a great wooden collar. By the ſides of the ſhaft-horſe are two ponies, on one of which the poſtilion rides, with boots, literally as big as two oyſter-barrels, and armed with hoops of iron, to ſave his legs in caſe of accidents. The horſes uſed for this work are generally ſtallions, and therefore vicious and quarrelſome. I had been informed that their progreſs is very ſlow; that the traveller is amuſed by the driver with a vehement cracking of the whip, to

little effect: for that the beaſts, having lifted up their legs very high, ſet them down again nearly in the ſame place: but in fact I found much the ſame expedition as in England. Every time the horſes are changed at a poſt-houſe, a troop of beggars, old and young, come about the carriage, and, if the time permits, ſome of them repeat the Creed and the Lord's prayer, and then cry out, *Ta charité, Monſieur, ta charité, pour l'amour du bon Dieu, du bon Dieu*, &c. The poſt-houſes are not always places of reception as with

with us: many of them are ordinary farm-houſes; and when they are inns, they are frequently very indifferent; but if you have occaſion to be entertained, the driver will readily obey your orders, and take you to any houſe of better accommodation. As we ſee little houſes in England, by the road ſide, with *Lodging for travellers in here*; ſo in France we ſee a board over the door of a cottage, with *Bon vin, bonne biere, bon logis*. The ſigns at their public houſes are ſometimes very profane and ridiculous. At *Paris* you may ſee

the *Hotel du Saint Eſprit*, that is, the *Inn of the Holy Ghoſt*; and in the ſuburbs of *Amiens* I obſerved a little pot-houſe, the ſign of which was the ſignature of the ſacramental wafer (IHS), upon a board, with this inſcription, *Au nom Jeſu, bon biere, bon eau de vie—At the ſign of the Name Jeſus, good beer, good brandy* *. The roads are much alike every where: a wide avenue, fenced only with a bank and a dry ditch, has a ſtone pavement in the middle, called the

* Some abſurdities of the like ſort are to be met with in England.

pavé,

pave, ſuch as the new pavement of the ſtreets of London, and wide enough for two carriages to paſs. On each ſide of this is a road of the natural earth, called the *parterre*; which, in the dry weather of the ſummer, is ſo good that the wheels run upon the nail, but in winter and wet weather, it is neceſſary to take the pavement, which is not very agreeable, and is detrimental to the baggage unleſs it is well defended. It is common to ſee a little hut, ſtanding by the way ſide, ſomething like the porch of a country church, within which

is an image of the Virgin, and ſometimes an inſcription is written upon the wall. There are croſſes of different ſizes, ſome of wood, ſome of ſtone; ſometimes a crucifix appears, as large as the life, and in the natural colours; and, in ſome few places, we are preſented with a complete *Calvary*, conſiſting of an artificial mount, on the ſummit of which is a crucifix, with the ſpear and the ſponge affixed to the arms of the croſs, and, at a ſmall diſtance on each ſide, upon two pedeſtals, are the ſtatues of *St. John* and the Virgin Mother

attending

attending the crucifixion. When I ſaw one of thoſe erections, I could not help recollecting a ſtory I had heard of a pariſh prieſt. A fellow came to a village in *France*, and ſet up a *cabaret*, or public houſe, to which the people reſorted ſo much on a *Sunday* in the afternoon, that the *curé* (which is the common appellation of the pariſh prieſt) found he had little or no congregation, and was in great diſtreſs for his people, whom he had hitherto kept in very good order. He reaſoned with them for ſome time, but to little effect; their

their ſeducer had the more popular ſide of the queſtion. The prieſt being determined not to give up the cauſe, forged a letter from the pope, which he read over one Sunday very ſolemnly in the church to his pariſhioners. The purport of the letter was, to order the raiſing of a Calvary upon a certain ſpot in the pariſh; and a plenary indulgence was promiſed to all thoſe, who, on every *Sunday*, at the critical time, immediately after divine ſervice, would aſſiſt, for ſo many hours, in bringing earth from a certain place, at a good diſtance,

for

for the raiſing of the mount. The work took with the people, and they ſet about it with great alacrity: but by the rules they were bound to obſerve, it was ſo long before it was finiſhed, that the man of the *cabaret* was broke and obliged to decamp.

Beſides the croſſes and calvaries, another ſtructure is found near the road, conſiſting of three beams of wood, fixed in the form of an equilateral triangle, upon three piers of wood, brick, or ſtone; ſo that the whole, together compoſes a figure exactly like our

tyburn.

tyburn. After many vain conjectures with myſelf, about the intention of theſe erections, I found, at laſt, they were land-marks, fixed as the boundaries of ſignories or lordſhips, and ſtanding evidences, that the lords of ſuch eſtates had the power of life and death within their reſpective manors. But it is time now to recollect that we are on the way to *Liſle*.

When we have turned off to the left from *Bethune*, the laſt twenty miles, of the road to *Liſle*, are inexpreſſibly rich and pleaſant: no

ſpot

ſpot upon the globe can afford a greater ſhew of plenty. As we approach near to the city, the ſight of an hundred wind-mills, ſtanding on a very ſmall tract of ground, proclaim to every ſtranger the extent of their meal trade. When we had paſſed the ſuburbs and fortifications of *Liſle*, we entered a city exceedingly elegant for the diſpoſition and form of its buildings, and the cleanlineſs of the ſtreets. The houſes, which are all of ſtone, appear like palaces, eſpecially about the ſquare, which is very large, very handſomely paved,

paved, and in it the English visitor ſees a multitude of hackney coaches, placed orderly in a rank, of a faſhion very different from ours, very fine within, but drawn by beaſts which are ſmall, lean, and miſerable. The *chaiſes à porteurs*, which alſo attend in the ſame place, are objects quite new to us. They are made entirely of wood, and painted blue; their form and ſize are nearly that of a ſedan chair; but they have two light wheels and a pair of ſhafts, in which they are drawn by a harneſſed porter. In dignity they

ſeem

ſeem not much ſuperior to a wheel-barrow, and, when they are in motion, look very ridiculous to an Engliſhman. When ſingle perſons have occaſion to go about upon their viſits or their buſineſs, the hire of theſe chaiſes is much more reaſonable than that of a carriage, which would take three perſons more at the ſame expence; and I rather wonder that, in ſo many years, ſomething of the like ſort has not been adopted at London, for the convenience of ſingle fares, who, on every day in the week, except Sunday, employ

more

more coaches than perſons in companies. When we walk to the end of the ſtreet beyond the great church, we come to a canal, by the ſide of which, the buildings of the city are ſeen, in a ſtraight line, to a vaſt extent. The canal is croſſed by a bridge; on the other ſide of which is a pleaſant field with gravel walks, one of which leads to the citadel, a very capital fortification, with a pentangular court in the midſt of it, conſiſting of very elegant buildings, and nearly as large as St. *James's* Square at *London*. The town and citadel

citadel of *Liſle* are always filled with officers and ſoldiers, ſometimes to the number of ten thouſand. The condition of the inner, and principal line of fortification, in the beſt fortified towns, is commonly this. From the ditch, which has a good depth of water, and is about an hundred feet in breadth, a brick wall riſes ſloping from the water, to the height of twenty, thirty, forty, or even fifty feet; above which is a parapet of earth, to the height of fifteen or twenty feet more, with a double row of trees planted upon

it, between which there is frequently a gravel walk for the people of the place to take an airing. It is hard to imagine how a town, fortified as *Liſle* is, could poſſibly be taken, ſuppoſing it to be well provided, and defended by a ſufficient number of ſoldiers. But it was taken by the allies in 1708, the citadel holding out for two months after the town was loſt. The moſt remarkable things at *Liſle*, next to the fortifications, are the ſquare, the great church, and the infirmary; the laſt of which, for the admirable order and regulations

tions of it, is reckoned ſuperior to every thing of the kind in *Europe*. The accommodations for ſtrangers at *Liſle* have a grand appearance, but are not found very agreeable; and it is the cuſtom to charge extravagantly dear. The bugs, the peſts of *France* and *Flanders*, are here in full poſſeſſion; ſo that, in lofty beds of ſilk and ſattin, there is neither reſt nor peace to be found, till a perſon, by ſome expedient or other, has rendered himſelf inacceſſible to theſe offenſive companions.

From Lisle to Paris.

After one day ſpent in taking a curſory view of *Liſle*, we ſet out for *Paris*, and came to *Douay*, another fortified town, which, at preſent, ſeems rather in decay, the fortifications being very much out of repair. It has a college of Engliſh ſtudents, compoſed of thoſe who, being farther advanced, have been removed from the college of *St. Omer*, where they are all young. We ſaw ſome of theſe young

young men, walking along the ſtreet, in a dreſs not much unlike that of the ſecular clergy *. From hence we proceeded to *Cambray*, which place brought the incomparable *Fenelon* to my mind, and I was mortified that I could not make myſelf better acquainted with a city, which had been the ſeat of that celebrated genius: but

* M. *Tournefort*, in the Memoirs of the Royal Academy, ſpeaks of an ampitheatre at *Douay*, which poſſeſſes the cavity of a large mountain. It was dug by art, and he pronounces it as wonderful as the labyrinth of *Candia*. If I ſhould have any future opportunity, I would not paſs by *Douay* without ſome enquiry after it.

it could not be; we arrived late, and departed early. The next fortified town, and the laſt we were concerned with in this route, was *Peronne:* it is troubleſome to enter them on account of the king's officers, who have authority to examine the baggage; but, in general, they are civil, and for a *vingt quatre ſous*, or French ſhilling, which they have no right to demand, will permit a ſtranger, who has the appearance of a gentleman, to paſs with little interruption. *Peronne* ſtands upon a river, about which there are meadows

dows and marſhes, which ſeem to be very unſound and watery: and the place on this account, as I was afterwards informed by a learned canon of *Peronne*, with whom I had the pleaſure to be acquainted at *Paris*, is very unhealthy at two ſeaſons of the year, and ſubject to agues.

On the other ſide of *Peronne*, being now far advanced into the country, and above an hundred miles from the ſea coaſt, we alighted, and traverſed a wood to examine the plants, where I expected ſomething new; but no-

thing occurred different from what we have in England. Frogs ſeemed to be more plentiful than with us, as if there were game laws in force for their preſervation. The moſt common of the plants, that appear by the way-ſide, are a ſmaller ſpecies of *Eryngo*, with our ordinary ſtar-thiſtle; both of which are very abundant. The larger ſort of *Eryngo* is found, very fair and ſtrong, among the ſand in the foot-way to the weſtern pier at *Calais*. The botanical traveller will have frequent occaſion to obſerve the propriety with which

which our Mr. *Ray* has added the title of *Gallica* to his *Reſeda Criſpa*, or *Rocket* of the Chiltern hills, there being ſcarcely a plat of ground, for two hundred miles, on which this plant is not found. In the afternoon of this day we viſited another wood with little better ſucceſs. The night brought us to *Senlis*, about ninety miles from *Cambray*, a very pleaſant place, not far from which are the ſkirts of the foreſt of *Chantilly*, which is ſaid to afford ſome of the moſt agreeable ſcenes in France. No Engliſhman can travel thus far, with-

without having expreſſed himſelf, with ſome ſurprize, at the beds he meets with in the inns upon the road. Two of them are always placed in the ſame room: they conſiſt of a bed of ſtraw at the bottom, then a large mattraſs, then a feather-bed, then another large mattraſs, upon which are the blankets, &c. with all which, the bed is ſo high, that a man with great difficulty climbs into it; and, if he were to tumble out of it by miſchance, he would be in danger of breaking his bones upon a brick floor. Splendor and filthineſs

neſs are too frequently united in this part of the globe. The ſame apartment preſents us with very large gilt glaſſes, tapeſtry, paintings, ſattin beds, a ſwarm of bugs, and a dirty brick floor in an upper chamber. The timber of the country, for covering the floors, ſeems to be very ſcarce in proportion to the number of inhabitants; for, if I miſtake not, I travelled at leaſt an hundred miles from *Calais*, before I paſſed by a ſingle oak tree.

Thurſday, Aug. 14, being a grand Romiſh feſtival of the Virgin *Mary*, the bells of ſeveral con-

convents and churches began to jangle all at once, at five o'clock in the morning, as if the whole town of *Senlis* had been on fire. There is ſomething quite new to me in many of the French bells, which are deep, ſoft, and ſweet like the lower pipes of an organ. I perceived this firſt at *Liſle*, and afterwards remarkably at *Paris*.

PARIS.

As we approach nearer to Paris, the towns and buildings multiply, but not nearly ſo much as in the approaches to London; and the country being in general flat, we have no very diſtant proſpect of the city. At every entrance there is a barrier, where there is an iron gate, and officers near at hand to examine all that paſs through it. The eye of a ſtranger is ſoon catched by the lamps, which,

contrary

contrary to our practice, are ſuſpended over the middle of the ſtreets, by a line carried acroſs from the houſes. The place, to which we were deſtined, gave our driver occaſion to carry us through a conſiderable part of the *Boulevards*, which is the name of a very ſpacious ſtreet, ſurrounding more than half the city of *Paris*. It is planted with a row of large trees on each ſide, where there are gravel walks kept in very good order. The houſes are here in a ſtyle different from the reſt of the town, with balconies, arbours, open courts,

courts, and gardens next the ſtreet, ſo as to conſtitute a ſcene unlike to any thing we meet with at London, and ſuch as we might expect to find in Spain or the cities of the eaſt. Theſe *Boulevards*, which are ſo called becauſe they were once the ramparts of the city, are the reſort of the gentry for airing, either on foot, on horſeback, or in carriages; and, on a ſummer's evening, eſpecially on Thurſday, there are all ſorts of diverſions going forward, and ſpectacles to be ſeen, ſuch as rope-dancing, pantomime buffoonery, ſhews of wild

wild beaſts, coffee houſes with vocal and inſtrumental muſic, and every thing that can be aſſembled to draw the attention and promote amuſement. When we came by the back ſide of the *Thuilleries*, to the *Pont Royal*, a new bridge, near the weſtern limits of the city, we had a complete view of the river *Seine*, and the buildings about it, which are ſo diſpoſed as to have a very grand effect. The river itſelf is not one third ſo wide as the *Thames* at *London*, but it is made the moſt of: its banks are not crouded with buildings to the water's

water's edge; but there is a quay, pavement, or parade, between the houſes and the river, of ſixty or eighty feet in breadth, with a low parapet-wall next the water, ſo that ſeveral magnificent buildings, on each ſide, are open to the view; and the wholeſomeneſs of the air is better provided for. If you look up the river to the eaſtward, toward the *Pont Neuf*, the principal edifices that appear from this ſtation, which is a very good point of view, are the whole range of the old and new *Louvre* on one ſide, and the college of Cardinal

Mazarin on the other. If you look down the river, the gardens of the *Thuilleries*, extending on one ſide, are oppoſed on the other by the Palais de *Bourbon*, and the grand hoſpital of the invalids. The more polite part of the town, where grandeur and gaiety have their habitation, is on the north ſide of the river, near the *Palais Royal*, and the *Place des Victoires*: but ſober ordinary people may find a very agreeable reſidence on the other ſide, ſomewhere near the parade which joins the two great bridges: which will ſerve, in all reſpects,

reſpects, as well for amuſement as for the convenience of buſineſs. When you have occaſion to croſs the water, by a nearer way than that of going round by either of the bridges, there is a ferry eſtabliſhed about half way between them, which is exceedingly uſeful, and the boats are going at all hours, and almoſt all minutes, of the day.

As ſoon as we were ſettled, I purſued the inſtructions I had received, for making myſelf acquainted with the place. I procured two pocket maps, the one

of the city of *Paris*, the other of the *Environs*, which two inform us very exactly as to the topography; and as the names of the ſtreets are inſcribed at every turning, a ſtranger, by conſulting the former of them, may find his own way without aſking a ſingle queſtion. Then, for all the public places, ſpectacles, amuſements, together with all the trade and buſineſs of *Paris*, the whole is laid down for us, in alphabetical order, in two little pocket volumes, intitled *Almanach Pariſien*: the firſt of theſe deſcribes all the buildings,

and

and the curioſities they contain; the ſecond explains the buſineſs and employments of all the people. If you are ignorant about any kind of merchandize, or any object of curioſity, you are here ſo exactly inſtructed, concerning the place where things are to be found, and the price at which they ought to be ſold, that a ſtranger, with a competent knowledge of the French language, cannot well be impoſed upon, when he knows how to examine the contents of this little manual. A uſeful work, of the ſame kind, is to be

met with at London, called the *Foreigner's Guide*, in French and Engliſh, and calculated for the city of London: but it extends only to the buildings and public places, like the firſt part of the *Almanach Pariſien*: we have nothing, that I know of, anſwerable to the ſecond part. With theſe maps, and theſe books, no perſon, who will be at the pains to inform himſelf, can be long a ſtranger at *Paris*. If he looks under the article *Paris*, in the ſecond part, he will find an eaſy diſtribution of the city into its ſeveral quarters, from whence

whence a ſufficient idea of the whole may ſoon be acquired. If we compare the two metropolitical cities of *France* and *England*, as moſt Engliſhmen will find themſelves diſpoſed to do, we ſhall ſoon diſcover that London is the largeſt and the moſt convenient. At *Paris* the houſes are higher, the ſtreets narrower, the water very indifferent; but the air is much purer, of which I can give a ſtrong proof, if I recollect it, in the proper place. There is no pavement at the ſides of their ſtreets, for the convenience of foot-paſſengers; but, for

their ſafety, poſts of ſtone are fixt at proper diſtances, projecting from the wall, ſo as to ſecure them from carts and coaches.

It would carry me far beyond the limits of my preſent deſign, if I were here to give a particular account of the city of Paris: I mean only to ſpeak of ſome ſuch things as became the particular objects of my own attention, and to follow the order in which they occurred to me.

The

The Public GARDENS.

A perſon, who wiſhes to ſee the people he is come amongſt, will certainly repair, as ſoon as poſſible, to the public walks, which are, the gardens of the *Thuilleries*, the *Luxembourg*, and the *Palais Royal*. The laſt of theſe is not frequented for the beauty of the place, but for ſhew and faſhion, becauſe it is the reſort of politeneſs. The garden of the

Thuil-

Thuilleries, which joins to one of the royal palaces of that name, has a terras four hundred yards in length, which runs parallel to the river, and the diviſions of the whole garden are very ſpacious and magnificent: but the French gardens, in general, have this imperfection, that their walks are always at right angles: there are no elegant irregularities, no pleaſing deviations, but all is artificial, ſtiff, and uniform. In an afternoon and evening of the ſummer, the great middle alley of this garden is filled with variety of good company, ladies

ladies and gentlemen, prieſts, lawyers, and dominicans, &c. hundreds of whom are ſeated under the trees, and converſing together in parties; for which purpoſe the walk is ſupplied with a multitude of little ordinary matted chairs, with the uſe of which, the company is accommodated, for the payment of a ſmall piece of money. At the lower end of this magnificent garden is an area, to which you paſs by a draw-bridge. This is called the *Place of Louis the fifteenth*, on which ſpot a very large fair is kept at the latter end of Auguſt,

Auguſt, where all the moſt brilliant wares of the city of *Paris* are expoſed to ſale. The temporary ſhops, erected for this occaſion, are diſpoſed in the form of a croſs, with a large circle in the middle of it. At night, when the candles are lighted up, the ſhew is very fine. The booths, erected for coffee-houſes, &c. have concerts of vocal and inſtrumental muſic of the middling ſort; ſome have plays and pantomime entertainments; many coaches, filled with the beſt company, are driving about, and a large concourſe of people, on foot,

ſoot, are taking their walks under the awnings of the ſhops, and amuſing themſelves with a ſight of the furniture within. This fair continues for ſeveral weeks, and the Sundays themſelves are not excepted after twelve o'clock at noon.

Our reſidence being near to the *Thuilleries*, I walked there very often for exerciſe and meditation. As I was taking my turn one morning, pretty early, on the terras, the ſwallows, invited by a ſwarm of flies, were ſkimming about, in great numbers, by the ſide of it,

and,

and, amongſt them, I obſerved one that was perfectly white. It flew by me ſeveral times, ſo that I could have ſhot it with eaſe, if ſuch a thing had not been abſolutely prohibited by the laws of the place. I ſpoke of this circumſtance, a day or two afterwards, to Monſieur *Daubenton*, the keeper of the king's cabinet, who ſhewed me a white ſwallow in that collection, but it was in very indifferent preſervation. It ſeemed not to have been, originally, ſo perfect a ſpecimen as that which I ſaw alive; to which my ingenious friend

friend Mr. *Lever* would do great juſtice if he had it, and I wiſhed it in his poſſeſſion for that purpoſe.

The

The Luxembourg.

The gardens of the *Luxembourg*, which is another of the royal palaces, are not ſo grand as the former, but they have the advantage of more variety, and ſome parts would preſent a ſweet agreeable retirement, if they were kept in as good order as thoſe of the *Thuilleries*. The palace of *Luxembourg* has a large gallery, which is every where celebrated for the twenty-four

four large pictures of Rubens, with which it is furniſhed, containing the hiſtory of *Mary de Medicis*, the mother of Louis the XIIIth. I can ſay nothing new in commendation of them: but whoever ſees them, muſt be amazed at the brightneſs of the colours, which have been laid upon the canvas an hundred and fifty years. The matter of the hiſtory is all expreſſed in ſymbols, taken from the the heathen religion and mythology, with which it is rather overloaded, to pleaſe my fancy. I have long been of opinion, that our

poets and painters have fallen into a degree of ſervility, and not ſeldom of manifeſt abſurdity, by their invariable and intemperate application of the heathen machinery to all ſubjects: but in this, perhaps, I may be accounted ſqueamiſh, and find but few followers. There are other apartments, belonging to this palace, in which there are ſome very fine, and many very pleaſing pictures, which were brought from the king's cabinet; particularly one of the Crucifixion, with the ſun eclipſed; and another of our Saviour

Saviour driving the buyers and ſellers out of the Temple. The capital figure, which is that of our Saviour himſelf, is too mild and placid for the occaſion; but near him there is a Jew, with an air of ſaucineſs in the countenance and the attitude, which is incomparably well hit, ſo that one may put into his mouth the ſenſe he is ſpeaking. In a corner, of the ſame piece, there is an excellent figure of a miſer, brooding over his money-table, and beginning to be alarmed for the fate of his treaſure. The face is excellent; but the

painter, by a ſtrange metachroniſm, has put a large pair of ſpectacles upon his noſe.

The

The CATHEDRAL.

The great cathedral of *Paris* is the *Notre Dame*, ſtanding, with many other buildings, on an iſland of the river Seine. The architecture, which is very ancient, is fine, and crouded with ornament; but the deſign of the whole, when taken together, is not ſo grand either as Weſtminſter Abbey or the great church at Canterbury; and the two towers at the weſt end are much lower. The inſide is in moſt

excellent repair, and the ornaments far ſurpaſſed all I had yet ſeen, ſo that it would be endleſs to deſcribe them. The choir has ſome charming pictures, and many capital ſtatues in bronze and marble. There are eight pictures round the body of the choir, each of which is worthy of particular admiration, but none are more pleaſing than the Annunciation by *Hallé*, and the Viſitation by *Jouvenet*, who painted this his laſt picture with his left hand, when his right was paralytic. By the ſide of an aiſle which ſurrounds the choir, are

ſeveral

ſeveral ſmall chapels, ſome of which have excellent pictures, by the beſt painters of France, with many other curioſities. As ſoon as you enter the weſt door, there is a coloſſal figure of St. *Chriſtopher*, in marble; but there ſeems nothing very extraordinary in the deſign or execution: it is rather a goblin, like the giants in Guild-hall.

The MINT.

As we returned from the *Notre Dame*, we came by a very fine new building called the *Monnoye* or Mint: it conſiſts of many parts; but I could not help admiring, in a more particular manner, a ſpacious room on the ground-floor, with eight or ten braſs engines in it for the ſtriking of money, and which, for elegance and cleanlineſs, ſeemed rather like an apartment in a palace than the work-

ſhop

ſhop of a mint. I obſerved to the French ſervant, who was with us, that the appearance of ſo magnificent an office, for coining money, muſt impreſs every foreigner with a ſenſe of the wealth and grandeur of the French monarchy: upon which the man took occaſion to anſwer in my ear—*La maiſon du roy de Grande Bretagne eſt bien vilaine.* I did not know whether I ought to laugh or to be angry; but this reproach is not new to us: the gloomy courts of St. James's palace are by no means anſwerable to the dignity of the Britiſh crown, nor

to

to the private character of their preſent inhabitant, who has the hearts of nine tenths of his ſubjects; and may miſlead ſtrangers to preſume upon the weakneſs and poverty of the kingdom. It is a mortifying conſideration, that the ſixth part of what is ſunk annually for intereſt, in the hopeleſs gulph of the national debt, would build one of the fineſt palaces in Europe, and preclude all ſuch unſavoury reflections for the time to come.

The

The People.

The obſervations which occurred, on the manners of the people of Paris, were many; theſe on their dreſs, and outward appearance, were but few. The French women, in general, are not ſo handſome as the Engliſh; and, whatever may be the cauſe of it, their young ladies have not a young look. I imputed this either to the cuſtom they have of walking for hours, in the ſun and air, with nothing

nothing on but their domeſtic head-dreſs; or to the uſe of paint. In general they dreſs much like the Engliſh, except in the prepoſterous cuſtom they have of dreſſing up little girls, of eight or ten years of age, till they ſtagger under the weight of their own heads, and are interrupted in their ſteps by the ſtiffneſs of a brocaded ſilk gown and petticoat. The women of rank make themſelves hideous, by great blotches of paint upon their cheeks, which, in ſome ladies, are as well defined as the circumference of a circle, and as

red

red as the Saracen's Head upon a ſign poſt. To hide or diſguiſe the paint, ſo as to imitate nature, is not the thing intended: it is not meant as an improvement, but as a badge of quality, in which the women of the middling order, either through fear or wit, do not follow them. It appeared very ſingular to me to ſee men with ear-rings; but the ear-ring is a common ornament at Paris, with porters, hoſtlers, watermen, and poſtilions. A young man, who has been unaccuſtomed to dreſs, may come hither to be made a fop of;

of; but the ſop who comes ready made, ſtands a good chance to be cured of his vanity. Finery is here ſo cheap and univerſal, that his trouble is thrown away, and his figure paſſes undiſtinguiſhed, as a ſingle wave among the waters of the ocean. The footmen wear bag-wigs, and have their hair dreſſed as gentlemen. The firſt ſight I ſaw in the morning, when I roſe, at Calais, was a man ſervant, digging up potatoes in the garden, in a bag-wig.

The

The CHARTREUX.

Having been educated, when I was a boy, upon the foundation of a ſeminary, which was formerly a monaſtery for *Carthuſian* monks, I had a great deſire to ſee one of the ſocieties of the *Chartreux*. The religious, of this order, obſerve a ſtrict ſilence, except one individual of the fraternity, who, for the day or the week, takes his turn to do buſineſs for the reſt, and to ſpeak occaſionally with ſtrangers,

ſtrangers. I was admitted into their cloyſter, and conducted to the cell of the friar, who was the acceſſible perſon for the time being. I found a man of a venerable appearance, in a cloſe habit of white cloth, which reached down to his feet: his head was ſhaved quite bare, and he was ſitting at a reading-deſk in his library. As ſoon as we appeared, he roſe up, and, accoſting us with the air of a gentleman, invited us into his cell, which conſiſted of four apartments, an antichamber, a library, a bed-room, and an oratory, all hand-

handſomely wainſcoted with Spaniſh oak. His library was a room of about twelve feet ſquare, very decently filled from the top to the bottom with books, which conſiſted principally of the writings of the fathers and eccleſiaſtical hiſtorians. He converſed with me in Latin; and, when he found I was an Engliſhman, told me, he had the honour once of a viſit, in his cell, from a brother of the queen of England. He enquired particularly what we apprehended from the preſent diſpute with America? In anſwer to which, I gave it as

my own opinion, that it would be terminated to the honour of Great Britain: he ſaid, he hoped it would, and ſhewed me a very large map, in which he ſometimes amuſed himſelf, with contemplating the ſeat of our preſent troubles. When he conducted me into his bed-room, it was ſo neat, and in ſuch exact order, that I could not help aſking him, whether he thought St. *Anthony* was ſo well accommodated in the Deſart? He ſmiled at my queſtion, and then ſhewed me that his bed was filled with nothing but ſtraw, and that

he

he had a brown ſhirt of horſe-hair next his ſkin. His garden was a ſmall plat, about thirty feet ſquare, incloſed within high walls, which were very well covered with grapes. The borders, which were watered from a little fountain in the corner of the garden, were kept in good order, and, amongſt other flowers, had a ſmall ſort of variegated holy-hock, lately brought from China. The oratory was a little ſlip, one ſide of which conſiſted entirely of glaſs frames: at the upper end was a Crucifix, with a picture of *Bruno*, the firſt

founder of their order, who is reported to have taken up the reſolution of following this rigid courſe of life, in conſequence of a tragical event, the particulars of which are not unknown to thoſe who have read the hiſtory of the Charter-houſe. A dwelling, ſo ſequeſtered from the world, and ſo well accommodated to the purpoſes of ſtudy and contemplation, I never ſaw before; and, I think, my imagination will ſometimes tranſport me to the retirement of this ſolitary Carthuſian; but few minds can reliſh habitual ſolitude,

and

and few conſtitutions can endure the ſeverity to which theſe monks are obliged by the rules of the ſociety. Some of them ſink under the trial, and fall into idiotiſm or melancholy, as I was informed by a learned prelate of our church, who had ſpent ſome time at *Vienna*, where the religious, of this order, being but poorly endowed, are not provided for ſo well as at *Paris*. His account, as nearly as I can recollect it, was as follows. When he had taken a walk, one day, to the top of a mountain, a few miles from the city of *Vienna*, he

heard a bell ring, at ſome little diſtance, and directing his way by the ſound, he came to a convent of the *Chartreux*, in a pleaſant ſituation, juſt under the brow of the hill. One of the monks conducted him to his cell, and ſhewed him his little garden, from whence there was a delightful proſpect of the country below: the declivities of the rugged mountain were covered with trees down to the very bottom; in the blue ſkirts of the horizon there was a long range of very diſtant hills; and the country lying between was

a vaſt

a vaſt plain richly cultivated, with the Danube winding through it, in three ſtreams, as far as the eye could follow it. Charmed with the ſituation, which afforded ſuch an uncommon view, he expreſſed himſelf in terms of the higheſt admiration, to the Carthuſian who attended him, affirming, that the eye could never be weary of beholding ſuch a ſight. Sir, ſaid he, this may be very fine to you, but it is inſipid to me, who have no enjoyment of it. Do not miſtake me, as if I were a libertine in my heart, and wanted to return to the

pleaſures of the world; no, I am a ſerious man: but out of ſociety the mind ſtagnates, and becomes indifferent to every thing; and, whatever the faculties may be, they loſe their vigour and grow uſeleſs. I have a diſpoſition to be delighted with all works of art and ingenuity, and am naturally fond of every ſtudy. Sometimes I wander upon this mountain and gather plants, of which there is great variety, both ſcarce and curious: I wiſh to underſtand them and know their uſes, but, having no books to inſtruct me, and no perſon

perſon at hand to ſhew them to, I throw them away again. I work at mechanics, and have all the implements proper for Turning; but, having nobody of the like mind, I neglect what I have made, and grow ſick of my amuſement. I love reading; but I have no books, nor am allowed any, but a few polemical works of the ſchoolmen, in my cell, which give me little information, and have long ſince wearied out my attention. I find my reaſon forſaking me at times, and know that I ſhall ſoon loſe it entirely. The caſe is the ſame

with

with moſt of my brethren, who rarely preſerve their faculties to ſixty years of age: when we miſs a brother, our prior tells us he is gone to ſome neighbouring convent, and we never ſee him any more. Our conſtitutions are certainly much injured by our diet: by the rules of our order, we are obliged to live upon fiſh; and being three hundred miles from the ſea, and our revenues but ſmall, you may gueſs what ſort of fiſh we feed upon, ſuch as you would not endure to ſmell of. My caſe, indeed, is ſomewhat better than

than that of my brethren, becauſe it is my office, at certain times, to tranſact the affairs of the convent at Vienna.

Before they parted the monk promiſed, at his next viſit to the city, to call upon his gueſt; who, on the day appointed, being aware of his coming, had provided a good dinner, to be ready in the next room, with a bottle of wine upon the table. He came, as he was expected; and, after ſome time, being ſhewn into the next room, he ſtarted back at the door, and could not be perſuaded to enter, alledging

alledging that he dare not truſt to his own reſolution upon ſuch an occaſion. His friend, with the utmoſt kindneſs, begged he would indulge him with the ſatisfaction of ſeeing him make one good meal: but this he abſolutely refuſed; not that he believed there would be any ſin in it in the ſight of God, but that the gratification would by no means anſwer, as it would only have the ill effect of making him ſink the ſooner under his uſual way of life. So, after a little farther converſation,

he

he took his leave, and departed, with an empty ſtomach, to his ſolitude upon the mountain.

The

The French Organs.

I viſited another convent in Paris, near to the place of our reſidence, for the ſake of a fine organ, lately erected in their church, and an expert organiſt, Monſieur *De Luce*, one of the players at the cathedral of the *Notre Dame*: he is a young man, with a good fancy, and rapid execution; ſo that he promiſes fair to be, in a few more years, the beſt player in Paris. He was ſo obliging

ing as to exhibit upon the different ſtops, and ſhew me ſeveral combinations, ſome of which produce an effect different from our inſtruments in England. The chief excellency of this organ, is in the reed ſtops, and the lightneſs of the touch. It has four rows of keys, with thirty-two pedal notes; ſo that a ſtrain, of the *cantabile* kind, may be played upon a reed ſtop with one hand, an accompaniment, or ſecond part, upon another row, with the other hand, while a baſe is thrown in, at the

ſame

ſame time, with the foot *. I was greatly ſurpriſed to find, upon enquiry, from Mr. *De Luce*, that, with all the variety they have introduced, they have no ſuch thing yet, at *Paris*, as the *Swell*, which is undoubtedly one of the fineſt improvements of the organ: and it ſeemed not much leſs won-

* The ingenious Mr. *Stanley*, whoſe compoſitions, for the organ, are all juſt and pleaſing, and worthy of a great maſter, has contrived the fourth voluntary of his third ſet, in ſuch a manner, that the two hands may perform it on three rows of keys: but the method will admit of very little motion in the parts.

derful,

derful, that this fine inſtrument, with all its furnitures, ſhould be weak and deficient in the diapaſons, which ought to make up the body of the organ, and are eſſential to the inſtrument. They have nothing under this name; and what is meant to be the ſame in kind. has neither voice nor power. I was ſpeaking of this, ſince my return, to a ſkilful maſter of the organ, who, ſome little time before I ſet out for *Paris*, went over on purpoſe, from *England*, to try the great organ at *St. Omer's*. He agrees with me, that their beſt

inſtruments want a good breathing bottom in the diapaſons, and are greatly overcharged with noiſe and trumpeting. While I was in the organ-loft, ſeveral of the Religious came up, when their ſervice was over, and were ſo polite as to deſire me to play to them. I thanked them for the honour they did me, and, aſſuring them that muſic was not my profeſſion, I put it off for the preſent, and went with them to take a turn in their garden, where I had much converſation with one of the fathers, who ſpoke Engliſh very well, and

ſeemed

ſeemed a perſon of good ſenſe and learning, well acquainted with the world.

When ſtrangers meet, politics and religion are common topics of diſcourſe. From the preſent rebellion in *America*, he took occaſion to make ſome reflections on the pretenſions to liberty which are found in the Engliſh people, and highly commended the loyalty of the catholics to the Engliſh government; which he aſſured me their church had made it a point to recommend in the colonies ſubject to the Engliſh, and had charged

their preachers to enforce the doctrine to their congregations. He added, that as the principles of the French nation gave them an averſion to rebellion, they generally wiſhed well to us in the diſpute. Though he ſpoke of the family in exile with ſome regret, on account of their religion, he thought it our duty to go with the government which the providence of God had eſtabliſhed amongſt us, and to be obedient to it for conſcience ſake. When he expreſſed an hope that the good example of the catholics in *Ireland*, in *Canada*,

nada, and *Maryland*, would ſo far win upon us as to bring us over to the church of *Rome*, for the ſake of its experienced loyalty; I could not refrain from telling him, that we needed no ſuch examples; our church, in its doctrine and profeſſion, being as loyal as theirs; and that, if rebellious principles were to be found amongſt us, it was only with thoſe who were ignorant of their profeſſion, or had apoſtatized from it: that we ought now to be ſo charitable as to hope, that the eyes of many were, and of many more

would be opened, by our preſent troubles, to reprobate thoſe republican ideas of our factious ſectaries, which had involved us in all theſe difficulties. That, in order to our coming nearer together, if ſuch a thing could ever be, much was to be done on their ſide; and, if they wanted to have us, they muſt leave the way open. Ay, ay, ſaid the father, we muſt do ſomething on both ſides. I found the company of this friendly *Auguſtin* worth cultivating; and, as we were near neighbours, I was often entertained with his converſation.

He

He expreſſed much eſteem for the eſtabliſhed church of England and her clergy, but declared he did not like the preſbyterians in any part of the world. He was walking once in the ſtreet at *Bologne*, while an Engliſh clergyman was in ſome danger from the populace. This clergyman, who was over in France with an Engliſh lady of quality, accidentally fell into a diſpute with a man about poſt-horſes; and, having ſaid ſomething to offend him, the fellow raiſed a mob upon him, crying out, *Miniſtre de ſatan! Mi-*

niſtre de ſatan! ſo that the people got him in the midſt of them, and were going to inſult him. The father, who ſaw what was paſſing, and was in the habit of his order, came up to the croud, and beckoning the gentleman out, deſired him to follow him, and promiſed to take care of him. When they ſaw, ſaid he, that I ventured to take this *miniſtre* under my own wing, they began to think there was not quite ſo much of *ſatan* in the caſe; and ſo the tumult immediately ſubſided, and the people went about their buſineſs. A man

need

need deſire no better ſecurity in *France* than the protection of a prieſt, to whom the people generally pay an inviolable ſubmiſſion: and I was told of an inſtance, when, upon occaſion of a certain ſcarcity of corn, one pariſh prieſt quieted half the city of *Paris* by his preſence in an inſurrection. He was indeed a ſingular character; but when we conſider that the belly has no ears, the caſe was very remarkable.

When we were better acquainted, the father was ſo obliging as to procure me the keys of their organ, that I might ſatisfy my curioſity, at

at a proper hour of the day, as often as I pleaſed. This liberty I took ſeveral times, and played over to him, and ſome other members of the ſame ſociety, ſome pieces of Handel, with ſome fugues of Correlli, and other muſic, in the way of our Engliſh compoſitions, for the organ; all of which was very well accepted and approved. One afternoon, ſome gentlemen, who were preſent, deſired a ſpecimen of the ſacred muſic that is performed in our cathedrals in *England*. This was more than I could do for them by

By memory; but it happened that I had, among my papers, a capital anthem of our choirs, which I played to them: and they could not but allow that our church muſic in England is very fine. To ſay the truth, I think the ſtate of muſic, at leaſt of church muſic, is far better with us than with them. In the ſervices of their church, they ſeldom practiſe more than the plain ſong, accompanied in the uniſon, or octave, by a leathern ſerpent, a baſe inſtrument, the tone of which is ſomething between a baſſoon and a French horn.

horn. I aſked, how it happened, that they did not affect harmony more, and ſing in parts, as we do in the ſervices of the choir? They anſwered, that it was purpoſely avoided, leſt the people ſhould beſtow all their attention to the muſic, and forget their errand to the church. The principle is queſtionable; and much may be ſaid on both ſides; but, even allowing it to be juſt, the end is defeated with them by the unwarrantable latitude, permitted to their organiſts, of playing tricks upon the organ, and intermixing ſo many light

light unaccountable vagaries in the intervals of their ſervices, as rather diſſipate the thoughts than compoſe the mind to ſerioufneſs and devotion. I never heard but two voluntaries at *Paris* that gave me much ſatisfaction: one was from a performer at the church of St. *Sulpice*, whoſe judgment was equal to his execution; the other from Mr. *De Luce*, who took a chromatic ſubject in a flat key, and purſued it with learning and fancy upon the inſtrument above mentioned.

Our

Our organiſts at London have lately been much complained of, as well by judges of muſic as by the friends of decency and devotion, for the licentiouſneſs of the voluntaries of late years, which are now upon ſuch a footing, as to call aloud for ſome reformation from authority; and I heartily wiſh the matter may be conſidered to ſome good effect *. Propriety is

* This ſubject, as I hear, hath lately been taken into conſideration by *Jonas Hanway*, Eſq. a gentleman, whoſe truly chriſtian and patriotic zeal, is as ready to preſerve decency in the church, as it hath always been to promote induſtry and happineſs

one of the principal ſources of beauty: whatever is unſeaſonable, is ſo far irrational and diſguſting, and can afford entertainment only to thoſe who know not how to diſtinguiſh between ſenſe and nonſenſe. The word ἄϛοπος, which is Greek for a fool, only ſignifies a man who does things *out of place*. How ſhocking would it be, if the

happineſs in civil ſociety. All good men in the nation would wiſh to ſee him twenty years younger, that he might go on with every benevolent deſign he has in view, for the benefit of his country; whoſe greateſt misfortune it is, that moſt orders of men in it are unhappily left too much to their own ways.

con-

congregation were to hear a ſcene from one of *Congreve*'s or *Vanbrugh*'s comedies, repeated from the pulpit! Some would be aſhamed, others would be afflicted, all would be grievouſly diſcompoſed, and the enemies of the church would triumph. The abſurdity is much the ſame, when they are treated with the light air of ſome profane ſong from the region of pſalmody, where the praiſe and glory of God ought to be the governing principle. There is a time for flouriſh and rapidity, if the performer wiſhes to diſplay his ſkill; but if this

this is done indecently and wantonly, while the ſervice is depending, he ſhews his hand at the expence of his head; and all this to the diſhonouring of our public worſhip, and the offence of the congregation.

The SORBONNE.

My beſt friend, Monſieur C—, a learned and eminent member of the univerſity, did me the honour of introducing me to the acquaintance of the Hebrew profeſſor at the *Sorbonne*, who afterwards laid me under many obligations by his politeneſs in procuring me acceſs, and attending me to ſome of the chief curioſities of *Paris*. When I, and my young companion, breakfaſted one morning with the profeſſor,

profeſſor, we were met by Mr. G. and our converſation turned chiefly on the *Hebrew*. The profeſſor, who has given good proof of his ſkill by a learned work in Latin upon the Moſaic law, a copy of which he was ſo obliging as to favour me with, and whoſe judgment in theſe matters is very good, and the better accepted for being adorned with ſingular modeſty, was clearly of opinion, that the Hebrew punctuation is a modern invention; and that our learned countryman, Dr. *Kennicott*, has done right in giving us the Hebrew

text, as it uſed to ſtand, along with the various readings. After breakfaſt, we went into the great hall, or divinity-ſchool, of the *Sorbonne*, where the diſputations are held, the form and manner of which were particularly explained to me. If they keep ſtrictly to their rules, their young ſtudents ſeem to have a ſharper probation, under their ten cenſors, than in either of our univerſities. But the rules, if they are obſerved, are generally ſtrict enough, in all ſeminaries, to prevent idleneſs and diſcountenance inſufficiency.

From

From hence we proceeded to the chapel, which has a fine dome, but is moſt remarkable for the tomb of cardinal *Richelieu*, which is placed in the middle of the choir, and is juſtly eſteemed one of the fineſt pieces of ſculpture in France. It has five figures as big as the life, all out of one piece of marble. There is a profuſion of excellent ſculpture at *Paris*, but none that pleaſed me more than this. When it was firſt erected, multitudes of curious people reſorted to ſee it, and, among the reſt, a lady, whoſe brother had

been executed by the influence of the cardinal. The ſight only tempted her to wiſh he had been dead ſooner; and ſhe expreſſed herſelf by an accommodation of thoſe words of *Mary* in the goſpel, "If thou hadſt been HERE, my "brother had not died *." The cardinal was undoubtedly a moſt eminent politician; and the czar *Peter* was ſo convinced of his abi-

* The perſon here alluded to, was probably the younger Monſ. *Du Thou*, who ſuffered with *Cinq-Mars*, for being privy to a conſpiracy, although he had given his advice againſt it. The caſe was thought very hard, and the cardinal himſelf died ſoon after it.

lities

ſities in this way, that, when he ſaw his tomb, he climbed up and embraced his ſtatue, ſaying, "If "thou wert alive, I would give "thee one half of my kingdom, to "teach me how to govern the "other half."

From the chapel we proceeded to the library, a very noble room, with a curious collection of books; among which were ſome fine editions of the Hebrew Bible; the Polyglott of *Paris*, the execution of which is vaſtly ſuperior to that of our biſhop *Walton*; alſo the firſt Polyglot of cardinal *Ximenes*;

with ſeveral other editions, both curious and ancient. Dr. *Kennicott's* firſt volume was juſt arrived, and lay upon the table. The ruins of *Herculaneum* are here, a preſent from the king of *Spain*: the *Marmora Oxonienſia*; a manuſcript of *Livy* in very old *French*, finely illuminated, and adorned with paintings in water colours, moſt exquiſitely finiſhed, and not ill deſigned. This art of illuminating with gold is now loſt; neither are the modern colours comparable to the ancient, whatever may be the reaſon of it.

A VISIT

A VISIT into the COUNTRY.

It would have taken a great deal more time to have ſatisfied my curioſity in this library: but we had been invited to dine this day at a country houſe, about a league from *Paris*, near the meadows of the *Seine*. My friend, Mr. C. called, in the way, to take up a learned doctor from the college of *Navarre*, who ſpoke Engliſh perfectly well, and enlivened the party very much. We were

met

met by an Engliſh phyſician of eminence, who has reſided many years at Paris, and had obliged me, in a particular manner, by his ſervices. Beſides theſe, there were ſome other agreeable gentlemen whom we found in the country. After ſome converſation above ſtairs, we came down to a dinner, which was after the French faſhion. The firſt in order was a large diſh of ſoup: then a glaſs of Burgundy all round, equal to two or three Engliſh: then a large melon of a dozen pound: then a firſt courſe of boiled

boiled diſhes, with a ſecond courſe of roaſt meats, game, ſtewed cucumbers, and plumb-puddings. After which there was a deſert of fruit, with a bottle or two of the beſt Burgundy, of which, when we had taken a glaſs or two, the bottles were removed, and the coffee was brought. Laſt of all, a little taſte of ſome delicate liqueur, was recommended to be put upon the coffee, as the Florentines put a little oil, over their wine, in the neck of the flaſk. The French gentlemen never ſit ſoaking after dinner as the Engliſh,

fish, but take a glaſs or two, (generally mixt with water) drink coffee immediately after, and then every man does as he pleaſes. Our converſation, after dinner, was carried on in the gardens, or the fields, or a ſummer-houſe, juſt as it happened. It turned chiefly upon religion, with a ſeaſonable mixture of the jocular and the indifferent. Much was ſaid on the attempt, that was made in archbiſhop *Wake*'s time, to bring about a reconciliation between our churches: and here it was natural to put a queſtion, whether the

preſent

preſent times would not be more favourable to another attempt of the ſame kind? I forget what anſwer was made to it. A learned divine of our church was cenſured, by ſome one of the company, for aſſerting, that all the Roman catholics are uniform in their belief of the Pope's infallibility. This, they ſaid, was an injurious reflection, as all ſuch belief was diſclaimed by the church of France, whoſe kings had never made thoſe mean ſubmiſſions, to the ſee of *Rome*, as had been practiſed in *England*. All that paſſed upon this occaſion was conducted

with

with the utmoſt freedom and good humour. The perſons I had to do with were men of vivacity, candour, and literature, whoſe converſation would be very well worth repeating, with ſome of their pleaſant ſtories, of which they had many. Several anecdotes were related of a famous Curé of St. *Sulpice*. This clergyman began to lay in the materials for a new pariſh church, with only fifteen pounds in his pocket: but, by the power of his character and addreſs, he ſoon raiſed a noble ſtructure, for a pariſh which takes

in

in nearly one third of the city of *Paris*. He is reported to have raiſed near forty thouſand livres at a ſtroke, by a pleaſant ſtratagem upon the king. The particulars of his hiſtory would make a pamphlet. We had the following ſpecimen of his *bon mots*. A very rich old lady had made her will, in favour of a ſociety of *Carmelites*, at the inſtance of a friar of that order, which derives itſelf from *Elijah*. The Curé of St. *Sulpice* thought the lady would do much better by beſtowing her wealth upon the poor of his own pariſh, than

than by throwing it away upon the deſcendants of *Elijah*. He got acceſs to her bed-chamber, prevailed upon her to ſend for a notary, and make another will immediately. As ſoon as the matter was ſettled, he went out of the room, met the Carmelite friar upon the ſtairs, and, alluding to the hiſtory of his order, "Father," ſaid he, "you may go up now, for you are of the *Old Teſtament*, but I am of the *New*." When the character of the celebrated Monſieur *Fontenelle* was mentioned, it was remarked of him, that he

lived

lived to upwards of an hundred years of age, and, to the laſt, had ſome ſudden turn of wit ready for every occaſion. A lady, who was nearly of the ſame age, obſerved to him, one day, in a circle of company, "Monſieur, you and I ſtay here ſo long, I have a notion death has forgotten us." "Speak as low as you can, madam, ſaid he, for fear you ſhould remind him of us: the proverb ſays, we muſt not awake the ſleeping lion."

I produced from my pocket a French pamphlet of Remarks, which I had been reading, the day

before, againſt an infidel *Syſtem of Nature*, lately publiſhed, in the ſame language; the author of which ſyſtem denies the creation, aſſerts materialiſm, and ſhuts up his work, moſt ſolemnly, with a ſublime prayer to *nature*. There are many of theſe philoſophers in *France*, but not near ſo many as report makes of them in England, where, I fear, we have more than our due proportion; and, I am told, the infidels of *France* are chiefly to be found among the lawyers and the ſoldiery. It was remarked, by a learned perſon in the company,

that

that this atheiſtical oppoſition to all revelation, had contributed much to open a more liberal communication between the learned of the Engliſh and Romiſh perſuaſions, with whom thus much is certainly agreed upon againſt our new philoſophers, that God made the world, and wrote the Bible. The name of the preſent biſhop of D—, an honourable and right reverend prelate, in *Ireland*, was mentioned with great eſteem, who has lately ſpent ſome years abroad, and has enriched himſelf with many curious articles, collected

from the regions of taſte and politeneſs. While he reſided at *Rome*, he appeared conſtantly in the habit in which a biſhop would travel in England; and, in the ſame dreſs, ſpent ſeveral weeks in the palace of the archbiſhop of *Rouen* in *France*: which is more than any proteſtant clergyman would have choſen to do fifty years ago.

When infidel philoſophers are talked of, *Voltaire* comes naturally under the laſh. The *Lettres des Juifs*, or Jews Letters, which were publiſhed ſome time ago againſt

againſt him, were very much commended. They obviate his objections againſt the Old Teſtament, and ſet him in a ridiculous light as a critic, by firſt diſplaying his ignorance, and then chaſtiſing him for his vain pretenſions to learning. One of the gentlemen favoured me with the following anecdote. Some of *Voltaire's* fellow atheiſts, in the city of *Paris*, propoſed to ſet on foot a ſubſcription, among themſelves, for erecting a ſtatue of him. A perſon of genius, hearing of this, took the hint, and prepared an inſcription for the ſtatue;

which, being good in its kind, I procured a copy of it.

En tibi *lapide dignum*
Voltarium!
Qui
In pöeſi magnus,
In hiſtoria parvus,
In philoſophia minimus,
In religione nullus.
Cujus
Ingenium acre,
Judicium præceps,
Improbitas ſumma.
Cui
Arriſêre mulierculæ,
Plauſêre ſcioli,
Favêre profani.

Quem

Quem
Dei hominumque irriſorem,
Senatus phyſico-atheus,
Corraſo ære, hâc ſtatuâ
donavit *.

* In Engliſh thus:

Behold *Voltaire*, deſerving of a ſtone!

Who in poetry was great,
In hiſtory little,
Still leſs in philoſophy,
And in religion nothing at all.

His wit was acute,
His judgment precipitate,
His diſhoneſty extreme.

Looſe women ſmiled upon him,
The half-learned applauded him,
And the profane patronized him.

For the benefit of the Engliſh reader, I have ſubjoined a literal tranſlation of this in the margin. I was informed, by ſome of the company, that the man has ſo poor an opinion of his own principles, that he keeps a prieſt conſtantly in his houſe; apprehending, as he has good reaſon, that his end is not far off: ſo that if he has but time to ring his bell, he may

Though he ſpared neither God nor man,
A junto of atheiſts,
Who call themſelves philoſophers,
Scraped ſome money together,
And raiſed this ſtatue
To his memory.

throw

throw off all the blaſphemies of his life at once into the boſom of a confeſſor, and be patched up for eternity by an haſty abſolution.

In the courſe of this day I diſcovered that my company were very well acquainted with many of our beſt Engliſh authors: and when ſomebody ſpoke of a new work, on the Heathen Mythology, coming out at Paris, from which great things were expected, I took occaſion to mention Mr. *Bryant*'s learned work on that ſubject, and deſcribed the plan of it, as well as I could, by memory;

recom-

recommending it, at the ſame time, as one of the beſt ſtore-houſes of all the moſt recondite parts of *Grecian* learning extant in the Engliſh language: and, I think it not at all improbable, that ſome French ſtudent has already made his uſe of it: for Greek, as I have been informed, does not flouriſh very much in *France* at this time. I gave them alſo to underſtand, that, in the ſubject of divinity, we have lately been enriched with an excellent commentary on the Book of Pſalms*; in

* By Dr. *Horne*, preſident of *Magdalen* college,

our opinion, the beſt that has ever been offered to the chriſtian church, and ſuch as St. *Auguſtin* himſelf would have peruſed with pleaſure, if he had been now alive. He would have found in it the marks of a fine imagination, a devout heart, a learned pen, a familiar acquaintance with all the ſacred imagery of the ſcripture; and what more could he have looked for?

The late work of *Soame Jenyns*, Eſq. on the *Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion*, was enquired

college, and now vice-chancellor of the univerſity of *Oxford*.

after,

after, by a gentleman who had heard of it from a friend at *Bruſſels*, and wiſhed for a more particular account, having, as yet, had no opportunity of ſeeing the work itſelf. To ſay the truth, I ſhould have been aſhamed of myſelf, if I had been found ignorant of that book when I was queſtioned about it at *Paris*: but, as my judgment is of little conſequence, and nearly the ſame with that of the public, (I mean the well-diſpoſed part of the public) it is ſcarely worth delivering at large. I informed the learned gentleman,

that

that the author, in the warmth of his zeal toward the internal, having allowed rather too little, on ſome occaſions, to the external evidences of chriſtianity, ſome perſons had, on that account, ſuſpected, or pretended to ſuſpect, his ſincerity; but certainly without reaſon; it being impoſſible for any man to have put together ſuch a work, but in the ſincerity of his heart, and under the ſtrongeſt conviction. That the deſign of it was to ſhew the divine original of the goſpel, from the difference between the ſpirit of that and the

ſpirit

ſpirit of the world; in other words, from the difference between the doctrines of the ſcripture and the natural reaſonings of the human mind: that the ingenious author had ſupported this diſtinction, by ſo many uncommon obſervations and juſt reflections, that it was a wonder to myſelf, and many other better judges, how a layman, who was ſuppoſed to have turned his thoughts but lately to chriſtian literature, ſhould have been able, all at once, to penetrate ſo deeply into it; eſpecially at a period, when ſo much has been allowed,

even

even by the friends of revelation, to the powers of reaſon and the wiſdom of natural theology (as if it were the foundation of what is revealed) that it was impoſſible to view the ſubject in the light wherein Mr. *Jenyns* has placed it, till, by a native ſtrength of mind, he had diſpelled ſome of thoſe miſts which faſhion and authority, the peſts of every age, had caſt in the way: that, upon the whole, it was out of my compaſs to conjecture, by what train of thinking or reading he had been led to diſcover thoſe genuine marks of ſuperiority

riority in the chriſtian religion, which the ſaints and martyrs of the firſt centuries aſſerted and maintained againſt the vain pretenſions of human philoſophy.

If I were to indulge my memory, I ſhould repeat ſeveral other paſſages which occurred at this meeting: but it is now time to ſhut up this, which was the moſt agreeable one I ſpent in France. The fields, the vineyards, the villages upon the Seine, the novelty, the company, the converſation; all things conſpired to make the entertainment perfect in its kind. But as

we

we are ſtill ſubject to viciſſitude, the day ended in a diſmal wet evening, through which we returned to *Paris*; and our French valet came home wet to the ſkin, dripping and ſhaking himſelf, and curſing the weather and his own folly, for going without a great coat.

I ſhewed the inſcription upon *Voltaire* to a learned and accompliſhed Abbé, with whom I frequently converſed: who, though he admired it, and took a copy of it, diſputed the propriety of the firſt ſentence. He affirmed that

Voltaire was not *magnus in poeſi*, except in his *Pucelle d'Orleans*, the beſt of all his compoſitions. For my own part, I only know enough of him to be convinced, that whatever the ramblings of his fancy may be, which commonly go under the name of genius, his judgment is as falſe in other things, as it is known to be in the writings and merits of our *Shakeſpeare*. Another of my friends at *Paris*, to whom I was ſpeaking about this phænomenon of the latter days, informed me, it was not long ſince the ſaid *Voltaire* ap-

plied

plied to the Curé of his pariſh for the ſacrament; which the Curé could not refuſe, as he had complied with the rules of their church to qualify himſelf. The ſervice being finiſhed, he addreſſed himſelf to the people who were preſent, and gave them ſome good moral advice, recommending peace and benevolence, and mutual good offices toward each other. Being queſtioned about this occurrence afterwards, he gave it as a motive of his conduct, that he thought it his duty, in every part of the world, to conform to the religion

of

the place; that he meant nothing by it, but to do as other people did; that if they had agreed to wear their breeches upon their heads, he would wear his breeches upon his head. So that his apparent reconciliation to the chriſtian religion was nothing but a more complete piece of mockery: he received the ſacrament with the ſame ſpirit of compliance as he would have worſhipped the moon in *Africa*, or a long-tailed monkey in the Eaſt Indies, or have put his breeches upon his head in conformity to the uſage of the place.

GR. III. BR. MUS.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.